Onely reſerued their factor to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither, but at hand at hand,
Enſues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſuddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to ſay, the dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didſt prophecie the time would come
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſſe
That bottell'd ſpider, that foule hunch-backt toade.
Q.Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore ſhadow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two ſweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?

Now

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I ſlip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Q.Mar. Forbeare to ſleep the night, and faſt the day,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q.M. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why ſhould calamitie be full of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your client woes,
Aierie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart
Helpe not at all, yet do they eaſe the heart.
Dut. If ſo, then be not toong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſonnes ſmothred:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?

Dut.